



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).



*From "The Outlook," New York*

RETURNING FROM THE COUNTY SEAT

# THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SOCIOLOGY

VOLUME IV

JULY, 1898

NUMBER I

## A RETARDED FRONTIER.



AMERICAN history has been described as very largely a record of the westward movement of a frontier; not a geographical boundary, but a type of social life which has reacted upon and modified the ideals and political institutions of the nation. Beginning in earnest after the Revolution, and get-

ting a further impetus with the close of the war of 1812, this frontier swept on like a wave seeking channels of least resistance. It followed water courses—the Hudson, the Mohawk, and the Ohio; it penetrated mountain passes, pouring through Cumberland and Big Stone gaps into Tennessee and Kentucky, and sweeping around the foothills of the Blue Ridge into Alabama. Having passed the Appalachian barrier, it spread over the prairies of the Mississippi basin until it broke against the Rockies. But this on-rushing tide left quiet pools in the mountains of Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, and Tennessee. There the frontier has survived in practical isolation until this very day. Only recently have we fully realized this fact, made vivid by the stories of Miss Murfree, Mr. John Fox, Jr., and other writers.

It was from a desire to see something of this old frontier life that I recently undertook a very short journey in the mountains of eastern Kentucky. In this descriptive article I shall simply jot down certain impressions and indicate a few lines of investigation which this interesting social survival suggests. It is hardly necessary to say that I have attempted no sweeping generalizations on the basis of a four-days' ride through parts of three counties.

Kentucky is divided into "Pennyroyal," "Bluegrass," and "Mountain." The boundaries of these popular provinces are somewhat vague; but in general it is a division into western, central, and eastern sections. The mountain region is bounded on the east by the Big Sandy river and the Cumberland mountains, from which the hills, gradually descending, die away westward into the rolling Bluegrass country. This district of eastern Kentucky is drained by the Kentucky and Licking rivers and by tributary streams of the Big Sandy. The structure of the country is such as to form many narrow, isolated valleys, communicating with each other only by means of wide detours along the water courses, or by sharp and difficult ascents of the steep divides. The drainage system, therefore, as in most hilly country sides, creates social groupings, determines lines of travel, fixes the location of little settlements and county seats, and furnishes a means of local designation. There is an odd analogy between the address of the Londoner and that of the Kentucky mountaineer. Instead of the main thoroughfare, side street, and lane of the complex English description, we have the "fork," "creek," and "branch" of the Kentucky direction.

The region, originally well wooded, has in many places lost the most valuable of its trees, among which are poplar, oak, elm, ash, hickory, and walnut. Lumber companies and individuals are cutting timber rapidly and floating the logs down to the mills along the rivers. In many valleys whole mountain sides have been desolated by "girdling" the trees and leaving them to die and fall. Such areas are appropriately called "deadening." But in spite of all this, there are large districts of beautiful forest land, made more delightful still by a dense

undergrowth of laurel and rhododendron. Throughout the western counties of the region there is abundance of bituminous coal and considerable deposits of excellent cannel. On many of the farms in Breathitt, Perry, and Knott counties it is not an unusual thing to find family coal pits from which fuel is dug as it is needed.

There are three general types of farms in this region: the valley farm, with its fields spread out along the bottom lands; the cove farm in the cove or hollow at the mouth of a "branch;" and the hill farm, pushing its corn fields up the steep slopes, sometimes to the

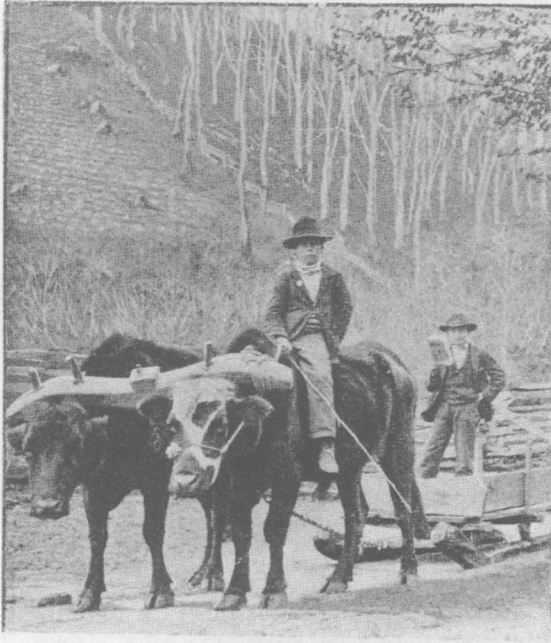


MOUNTAIN GIRLS ON THE HIGHWAY

very top. It was a hill farmer who, according to mountain tradition, fell out of his corn field and broke his neck. These three types are by no means clearly defined. Oftentimes the valley farm creeps up the mountain side, for the valleys at best are very narrow, and only where the stream has swept round the long curves and deposited a generous "bottom" is there chance for level tillage on a considerable scale.

The highways oftentimes set out pretentiously from the county seats, but when they leave the main streams and turn up the creeks there is rapid degeneration. The bed of the stream becomes the roadway for much of the distance, and in many valleys the fording is so frequent as to seem well-nigh continuous. Riding is almost the only means of travel. Saddle-bags are as commonly used as they were by circuit riders and other travelers in Indiana and Illinois fifty years ago. Wagons are

relied upon only for transporting farm products and store goods. Oxen are generally the chief draught animals in the more remote regions. In the springtime a heavy rain of a few hours will cause "a tide" which for a day or more effectually puts a



AN "UPRIGHT" CORN FIELD

stop to travel. In the summer the creeks are very low, and offer no obstacles save the loose stones which cover their beds.

The population of this region is singularly free from what we are wont to call "foreign" elements. The mountaineers are predominantly, if not exclusively, of English, Irish, and Scotch origin. They came in the westward movement from Virginia and North

Carolina. Such names as Noble, Allen, South, Strong, Combs, Sewell, Hargis, Stacy, and Mullins tell of British stock.<sup>4</sup>

By intermarriage for three or more generations the ties of kinship have been extended along the forks and creeks, until one is struck by the frequent recurrence of the same name. The family ties seem very strong and arouse, perhaps, the keenest sense of social solidarity to which the mountaineer responds. This tribal spirit has been a powerful factor in the feuds and

<sup>4</sup> Professor William I. Thomas, who spent several summers in the Cumberlands, gathered from the daily speech of the mountaineers a list of three hundred words obsolete since about the sixteenth century or surviving only in the dialects of England.

"wars" that have played so striking a part in mountain life during the last thirty years.

The typical mountain family very considerably must exceed the numerical average for the country as a whole. It is by no



A TYPICAL CABIN

means an unusual thing to find a family in which ten children have been born, while the number rarely falls below five or six. The general health, so far as one gets impressions from casual inquiry, seems to be exceptionally good. One mother asserted with pride that she had raised twelve children without losing one, and without so much as having a doctor in the house. She spoke learnedly of certain potent herbs, but she summed up her medical theory and practice by saying that when the children were sick she kept them in bed until they got well.

The houses of the mountains, outside of the county towns, are almost without exception built of hewn oak logs, dovetailed securely at the corners. The crevices are filled with mud, and generally a split oak strip is spiked between the logs. The pitched roofs are covered with long, hand-made shingles, irregular and curled. The chimney, except in the case of the poorer cabins, is made of stone, frequently carefully cut and

fitted. The crudest form of chimney is built cob-house wise of small sticks, smeared inside and out with clay. Along the front of many cabins there is a covered "gallery" or porch. In the older houses there are no windows, all light and air being admitted through the door, or through the chinks between the logs. A "double" cabin is really a combination of two cabins under the same roof. Sometimes there is an open space or hall between them. Again they are simply built end to end, the doors of both opening on the same gallery. In the latter case, although there seems no real separation, each room, from the standpoint of the other, is spoken of as "t'other house." Families of social pretension have, in addition to the two rooms of the main cabin, a cook-house at the rear, and in one establishment we found a dining-room beside. In a vague way, so far as there is any social stratification, it is reflected in the number of rooms of the family domicile. The one-room cabin represents the lowest stage, while the possession of four or five rooms confers real distinction.

The furniture of the cabins is primitive and simple. A sufficient number of bedsteads, sometimes of the old-fashioned four-poster type, often rough home-made products; a few hickory splint-bottom chairs, a table or two, and shelves for blankets or "kivers," complete the average equipment. In many houses there are old Connecticut clocks. In one cabin we saw two clocks side by side, keeping time exactly together. The old man pointed with pride to them and to the shadow of the sun upon the floor as it approached the noon mark.

Agricultural and industrial processes are relatively crude. The chief crops are corn, a little oats, potatoes, tobacco, and sugar cane. These supply all the staple products necessary to the family life. The list of domestic animals includes horses, cows, mules, sheep, pigs, geese, and chickens. The sheep and geese are kept for their wool and feathers, and are rarely killed for food.

The mill is the only mountain industry which has been specialized in any marked way. At intervals of a few miles along the streams there are log dams and small grist-mills, which look



more like rustic summer houses than places of manufacture. Although the family ordinarily depends upon the water-mill, now and then there is a hand-mill near the cabin door, as a last resort in case the domestic economy, never very carefully organized, has failed to maintain its supply of corn meal. Iron working is largely given over to log blacksmith shops in the small settlements and at the crossroads. But on many of the isolated farms there are forges for domestic use. Tanning seems to be a rare industry among the mountaineers, who have come to depend for saddle and harness upon the storekeepers. Portable steam saw-mills have almost wholly superseded the old-time saw pit, with its "top-sawyer."



A HOME-MADE COTTON GIN

By far the most interesting industry is the making of textile fabrics. The men are now more rarely clad in home-made jeans, which they have exchanged for "store clothes." But the women still wear very generally, and always for common use, "linsey" gowns of their own weaving and making. Almost every cabin among the older mountaineers has its spinning-wheel and hand-loom. Many of the younger generation show a disposition either to buy store goods or to depend upon older and more skillful neighbors for the weaving of their cloth, if not for the carding and spinning of their wool.

The linsey is not, as we had fancied, a plain dull brown or gray. The yarns are dyed brilliant red, green, yellow, and blue, and are oftentimes woven in really complex patterns of checks and stripes. The rather brilliant, crude colors of the new material yield gradually to water and sun, softening frequently into pleasant and subdued tones. The mountaineers also raise

small quantities of cotton and flax for muslin and linen. The coarse muslins of the stores, however, are too cheap to permit this industry greatly to enlarge. The mountain product of woolen dress goods, on the other hand, is held in high esteem,

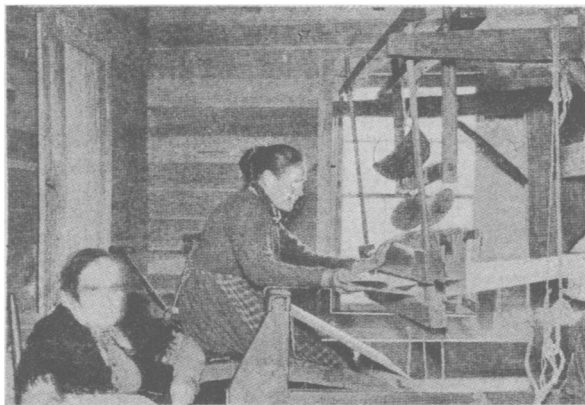


SPINNING FLAX

and nothing could be more contemptuous than the references of the Kentucky housewives to the machine-made cloth of the storekeepers.

But linsey forms only a part of the mountain weaving. Blankets and coverlets, known as "kivers," come in considerable numbers from the household looms. The wealth of the housewife is reckoned in "kivers." The mountain bride brings as her dowery a collection of these treasures, to which she adds as many as she can to pass on to her own daughters. In several families we were shown thick, well-woven quilts which had come down from a great-grandmother, and were cherished with something like Roman awe for household gods. We heard much complaint of the modern dyes sold in the stores. They were compared disparagingly with the more permanent colors given by the bark and berry dyes of the earlier days. Yet, so far as we could discover, the aniline products are very generally used.

The art impulse of the women seems to find its chief expression in these textile fabrics. The patterns are spread by imitation up and down the valleys, the old traditions being constantly modified by suggestions from the mill goods of the towns.



WEAVING ON A HAND-LOOM

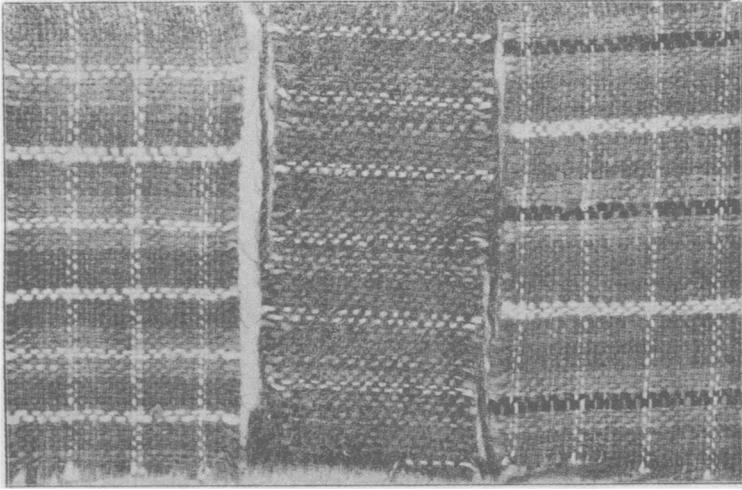
There are, besides, inventors and authorities who make innovations and set fashions going. In one cabin, among a dozen brilliant linsey "kivers," we found one with yellow, white, and red stripes—a veritable Roman blanket. It was quite unlike anything we had seen on our journey. The only suggestion as to the origin of the idea was the simple statement of the maker that she thought the colors "would look pretty." In another case a woman spread out for our admiration a quilted coverlet of store cotton. On a ground of blue she had sewed large conventional red figures. It was so utterly different from the other things we had been shown that we expressed surprise and curiosity. With a smile of triumph she let us into the secret. She had copied the jig-saw scroll work on one of the more pretentious houses in the nearest county seat.

The whole subject of domestic industry, especially the textile side of it, can just now be studied to great advantage in eastern Kentucky, and it seems unfortunate that someone is not taking advantage of this opportunity. Every year, with the

modernizing of the region, the conditions become less primitive and simple.

The food of eastern Kentucky ought not to be confused with that of the Bluegrass and Pennyroyal regions. Corn pone, bacon, and fried chicken are appetizing enough in print, but they vary in attractiveness with different parts of the South. The mountaineers have preserved all the primitive processes of the real frontier. Their cooking is correlated with all the other elements of their life, and they seem to thrive upon a diet which to the stranger from without makes the call to meals the gloomiest of summons. We were too early for chickens, which were served only two or three times during the trip. But, so far as we could learn, the rest of the *menu* was thoroughly typical. The staple article is corn bread. It is made by mixing coarse corn meal and a dash of salt with cold water, until the whole is a pasty mass. This is pressed into a frying pan, or skillet, three or four inches deep. The pan is then covered with an iron lid and thrust into the open fire, where glowing embers are piled upon it. It is left only long enough to form a crust or skin upon the surface of the bread. The center of the loaf is never cooked. After the allotted time the bread is turned out upon the table, sometimes broken into pieces on a plate, sometimes left whole to be plucked away as needed by the hungry family. Biscuits of wheat flour and soda or baking powder are sometimes served. They are usually heavy and yellow, and exhale an unpleasant odor. Potatoes are usually boiled or baked. Sometimes they are mashed and given a brown color by the liberal use of ham fat. "Ham meat" is for the most part fried in irregular pieces, which float about in a flood tide of grease. Occasionally the meat diet is varied by roast spare ribs, and, in the season, it is, of course, relieved by "chicken fixings." The butter is a white cottage cheese, very much like the butter made by the Bedouin goatskin churns in Palestine. The coffee is ordinarily a black, uninviting liquor, boiled for a long time in a large pot. This pot is a type of perpetuity. It seems never to be cleaned. Before each meal a little more ground coffee is added and the same amount is drained away into the cups.

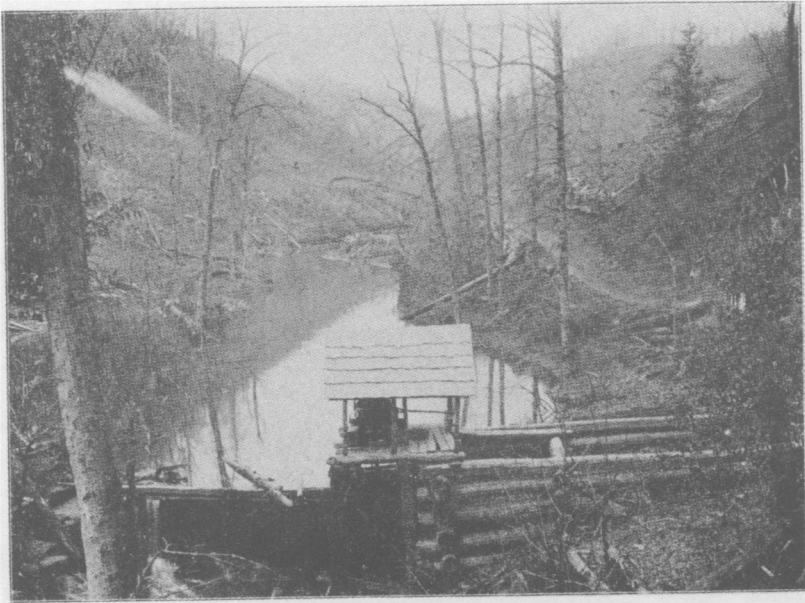
Thus there is a constant, slowly changing sum of coffee grounds which lives on year after year. Milk is rarely used by mountaineers for their coffee. In the remote districts only "long sweetenin'" is to be had, *i. e.*, molasses made from sugar cane



THREE PATTERNS OF "LINSEY"

raised on the farm. "Short sweetenin'," a cheap grade of brown sugar, is found on the tables of the well-to-do who live nearer to the county seats. Eggs, usually fried in the ham fat, are looked upon as something of a luxury. Sweets and preserves have a place upon most of the tables. Apple-butter and various preparations of dried fruits are common ; and sometimes a pudding of dumplings and fruit is attempted. It would be hard to imagine anything more unattractive than either the food itself or the way of serving it. The table is sometimes covered with brown oil-cloth, and frequently with a piece of cotton spotted with coffee and grease stains. Two-tined steel forks, steel knives, and pewter spoons are, of course, the rule. One of the most pressing needs of this region seems to be education in the simplest domestic economy—and yet the people are healthy in spite of "hog and hominy."

The hospitality of the mountains is proverbial, and, what is more to the purpose, seems still to be offered with genuine good will. To be sure, in the county towns and along the more frequented highways there are signs of commercialism and traces



A GRIST-MILL

of cautious suspicion. But in the more remote valleys the traveler is received with a welcome in which the "quarter" he pays for his meal and his horse's corn seems to be a small factor. Yet we heard from one or two cynical old people that the times have changed, and that it is no longer an unusual thing to be refused a night's lodging, or even a meal. One of these praisers of the past told of a whole afternoon spent in one valley in a vain attempt to find a place of shelter for the night. Finally, he said, he just stopped asking and got down and went in and stayed. He knew they wouldn't put him out if he once got in.

But we met with almost no rebuffs. Our own sense of delicacy prevented our spending one night in a single-roomed cabin where three persons were down with the fever. On another

occasion we were refused a meal for what seemed a very urban reason. The cook had gone away. With these exceptions we were welcomed quietly, not effusively, at every house where we dismounted. We would ride up to the fence of the yard about

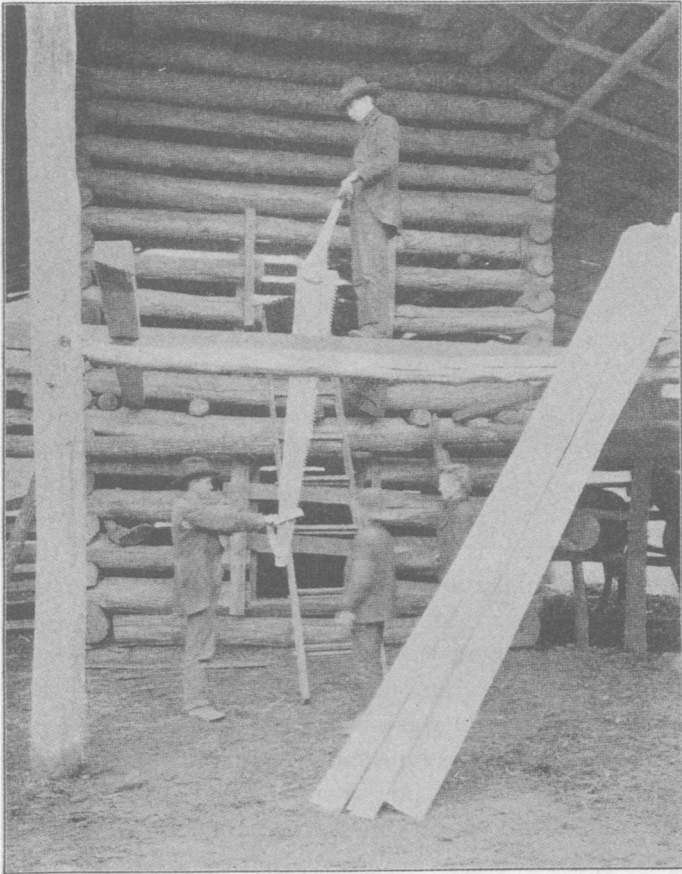


MILL WITH OVERSHOT WHEEL

the cabin, tether our horses, climb over the rails—there was rarely a gate—make our way to the “gallery,” and ask for a meal. The request was readily granted, with conventionally diffident remarks about the larder. Boys unsaddled our horses and took them to the rambling log barn for their meal of corn. After dipping into the wash-basin, we sat talking with our host, while the women of the household prepared the meal which we needed and at the same time dreaded.

The decorations of the cabin were confined ordinarily to cut-paper fringes on the shelf above the fireplace, or on corner brackets nailed to the logs. In several cases the inner walls were covered with pages from illustrated magazines and papers, and with advertising posters in brilliant colors. It was a rare thing to find pictures of any other kind, and photographs and tintypes seemed almost unknown. In many of the cabins there was a small shelf of books, chiefly school texts, owned by the younger people, and it was not uncommon for the host or hostess

to point with half-apologetic pride to the decorations of the room as the work of the "gals." The interiors of the cabins, especially the sleeping rooms, were given an odd look by the lines of garments hung along the rafters above the beds. There



WHIP-SAWING

were no chests of drawers, or boxes for clothes, but simply ropes stretched from one side of the cabin to the other, and nails driven into the beams above. From these hung linsey dresses and store clothes, and now and then a bright "kiver," a pair of winter boots, strings of dried apples, bunches of yellowish green



tobacco, and other odd-looking articles. The general effect of the room was a little that of a pawnshop in Petticoat Lane.

The conversation turned, for the most part, upon personal topics, and we felt it necessary to give a fairly detailed account



A SCHOOLHOUSE

of ourselves. No one ever seemed surprised at our desire to see the mountains, and we tried not to betray any consciousness of the unusual conditions in which we were placed. Whenever the talk turned from personal matters, it easily worked around to theological discussions, in which most of our entertainers seemed to take keen pleasure. One man said that he was regarded as a dangerous character in his valley, a sort of freethinker, a mountain Ingersoll perhaps, because he had avowed his doubts about predestination. Another was an orthodox member of the Baptist church, and took strong ground against "fiddling" and "frolics."

We had heard so many stories of the ignorance of the mountaineers that we were somewhat disappointed by their familiarity with a good many things we had expected them not

to know. We did not, for example, find a person who had not heard of the explosion of the "Maine." There was a good deal of desultory interest in the possibilities of a war with Spain. But the whole question seemed remote, and was so thought of by the



A "MOONSHINE" STILL

people themselves. As one old man said: "I reckon we mountaineers wouldn't know much about a war if there was one."

The chief contact with the outside world is through the lumbermen who go down the river on their rafts as far as Frankfort, or even to the Ohio, or through the

merchants who make periodical trips to the "settlements," as the towns and cities of the Bluegrass region are called. In one or two places we heard of sons who were in the army or navy, and of their letters which were handed around from house to house, or reported by friendly gossip. A few papers, chiefly agricultural journals and religious weeklies, are to be found in the more accessible cabins. But we spent the night with one family that had not seen a paper for months. They were ten miles from the nearest post-office.

The mountaineers in the county towns are fond of telling anecdotes to illustrate the ignorance of the backwoods-men. Many of these have been embodied in the stories of mountain life. The jests are passed about with great glee by the store-keepers and petty lawyers of the little towns. The tale that had greatest vogue at the time of our visit was of the mountaineer who complained that he could not sleep because of the electric light in his hotel room at Lexington. When he was asked why he didn't blow it out, he replied that he couldn't, "because they had the blamed thing in a bottle." Most of the stories have about them a suggestion of newspaper origin.

It is perfectly obvious that these mountain folk must have only the most shadowy ideas about the world outside. We found middle-aged and old women who had never been outside the valley in which they lived, and had not so much as visited the little town at the lower end of it. One boy knew of Chicago only as the source of an arnica tooth soap which he highly prized and imported into his valley. A woman whom we met on the outskirts of Jackson replied, to our eager inquiry for war news, that her old man had heard somebody say, who had read it in a paper, "that England and France were goin' to begin a war tomorrow morning." And she added, with apprehensive uncertainty: "There be a France, ain't there?"

The young people, however, are clearly gaining in general information from attending the district schools established throughout the region, and the public schools and academies in the county seats. The district school is "kept" in the typical log-cabin schoolhouse, with rough benches, an open fireplace or a huge iron stove, and oftentimes with plain planks for a black-board. The efficiency of the teachers has steadily improved, and although the schools are in session for only a short period, the character of the work has advanced in a marked way. It is through the school system and the young that connections between the national life and this partially isolated region are being more intimately established. The most influential single agency which is attempting this task is the college at Berea, Ky. Here is the point of contact between the great social tradition of the wider world and the narrow life of the Kentucky uplands. The young mountaineers resort in increasing numbers to this college, where manual dexterity, intellectual training, æsthetic standards, ethical and religious ideals are communicated by earnest and devoted teachers. The plans of Berea, so far as one may judge from its publications, are based upon a careful study of the peculiar conditions and needs of the region, and have already resulted in setting at work refining and elevating influences in many a mountain cabin.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The college has published a number of pamphlets and reports, which may be obtained upon application to President Frost, Berea, Ky. Several illustrations for this article have been furnished through the kindness of the Berea authorities.

The æsthetic impulses of the mountaineers have already been hinted at. The dress of the men has almost no suggestion of tidiness, to say nothing of taste. It was not unusual to find relatively well-to-do citizens going about in worn or tattered garments. The storekeepers, lawyers, and doctors were the only exception, and many of them had a shabby look. The women, on the other hand, especially the younger of them, show an art feeling in their linsey dresses of bright patterns, their ruffled white and pink sun bonnets, and bits of bright ribbon at their throats. Their shoes, however, are in many cases very large and coarse, and obtruded themselves painfully from beneath the linsey gowns. The older women seem to care much less for appearances. They have a worn and faded look, the inevitable result of years of child-bearing and unremitting work over the blazing fire, at the loom, and, it may be, in the field.

The interest of these people in theology and church organization is keen. The "meeting" offers an opportunity for sociability hardly second to the singing school and the frolic. One Sunday evening, in the courthouse of a small town, we heard a traveling evangelist, at the close of an earnest sermon, beg the people to go quietly to their homes and not to stop and "visit" as they usually did. We could infer from this how important a function of sociability the church renders among these folk.

Theological discussion satisfies the appetite for metaphysics, and offers opportunity for intellectual exercise and discipline. Along with this fondness for theological dogma, we found traces of a tradition of folk-lore and superstition which seemed to offer an inviting field of study to the student of folk-psychology.

The moral standards of the mountaineers have been modified in a marked way of late. Probably in popular thought the chief associations with the mountains are "moonshine" and feuds. It was something of a surprise to us to learn that all three of the counties through which we rode had adopted a no-license policy, and that for a considerable period a regular feud or "war" had not been known. Nor was this change chiefly the

result of outside pressure. It grew out of a popular reaction against the uncertain, lawless, terrifying régime of whisky and bloodshed. The conviction gradually gained ground that liquor was the source of the evil. In creating this feeling missionaries and temperance workers took an important part. So far as we could learn from conversations with all kinds of people, the prohibition sentiment is wide-spread and vigorous. Several old men discoursed very rationally about the dangers to life and property, and the disgrace to the mountains, which the old system involved. The sending of state troops a few years ago seems to have made a perceptible impression upon the people. They realized then as never before the existence of an external authority which cannot be ignored.

To be sure, whisky is still made in violation of the revenue laws, but the traffic is now doubly under ban. In our four-days' ride we saw "moonshine" only once, and then in such circumstances as testified to the reality of the sentiment against its use.

The "feud," which Mr. Fox has described so vividly in his story, *A Cumberland Vendetta*, seems to be typical of mountain "wars." In the little county town of Hazard we heard details of the famous Franche-Eversole feud, which was suppressed only a few years ago, after sixty or more lives had been sacrificed. The account was full of ambuscades, of firing from the cover of cabins, of besieging the courthouse and stores, of pitched battles in the streets. One story was of a woman who, learning that her husband had been surprised by his foes, filled her apron with cartridges, seized a Winchester, and rushed through the fight to her "old man." Once armed he fought his way out in safety.

Although these tales are related with great gusto, there is no expression of regret that the times have changed. We were impressed everywhere with the popular dislike of the old order of things and a sense of relief from the dread and uncertainty of other years.

Public opinion in the mountains often finds expression in a rude fashion. Night riders or Kuklux constitute themselves arbiters of conduct and visit the cabins of real or supposed

offenders. We heard frequently of these parties, several of which seemed very active at about the time of our visit. Whatever of good the system may involve theoretically seems more than counterbalanced by the opportunity which it affords for irresponsible persecution and private revenge. We heard murmurings against the practice, and the hope was more than once expressed that the law would be invoked to stop it.

Somewhat akin to "Kukluxing" is the plan of leaving letters of warning at the doors of idle or vicious persons. The community tries to protect itself in this way against imposition or moral contagion. So long as a family is in real need, neighborly aid is never withheld; but once let the suspicion get abroad that a lazy husband is trying to shirk his share of work and depend upon his neighbors, and he will find a letter some morning under his door giving him a week in which to show signs of industry. Failing in this, he will have his choice of a flogging or of being driven out of the valley. There are no poorhouses in the mountains. The worthy poor are cheerfully aided; the idle are compelled to work or to go away.

I hope I have succeeded in giving at least a general idea of the interesting field for social study which this retarded frontier affords. Here the economist, the anthropologist, the linguist, the historian, and the sociologist may find materials for special studies which would be of great value. A series of monographs on the chief aspects of this curious social survival ought to be written before the life, now being modified so rapidly, has lost its comparatively primitive character. Let students of sociology leave their books and at first hand in the Cumberlands deal with the phenomena of a social order arrested at a relatively early stage of evolution.

GEORGE E. VINCENT.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.